HEAD START

FROM WILLIAM HIGGINS' CALIFORNIA

ADULT ENTERTAINMENT $15

STARRING
KURT
WILLIAMS
DEREK
NOVAK

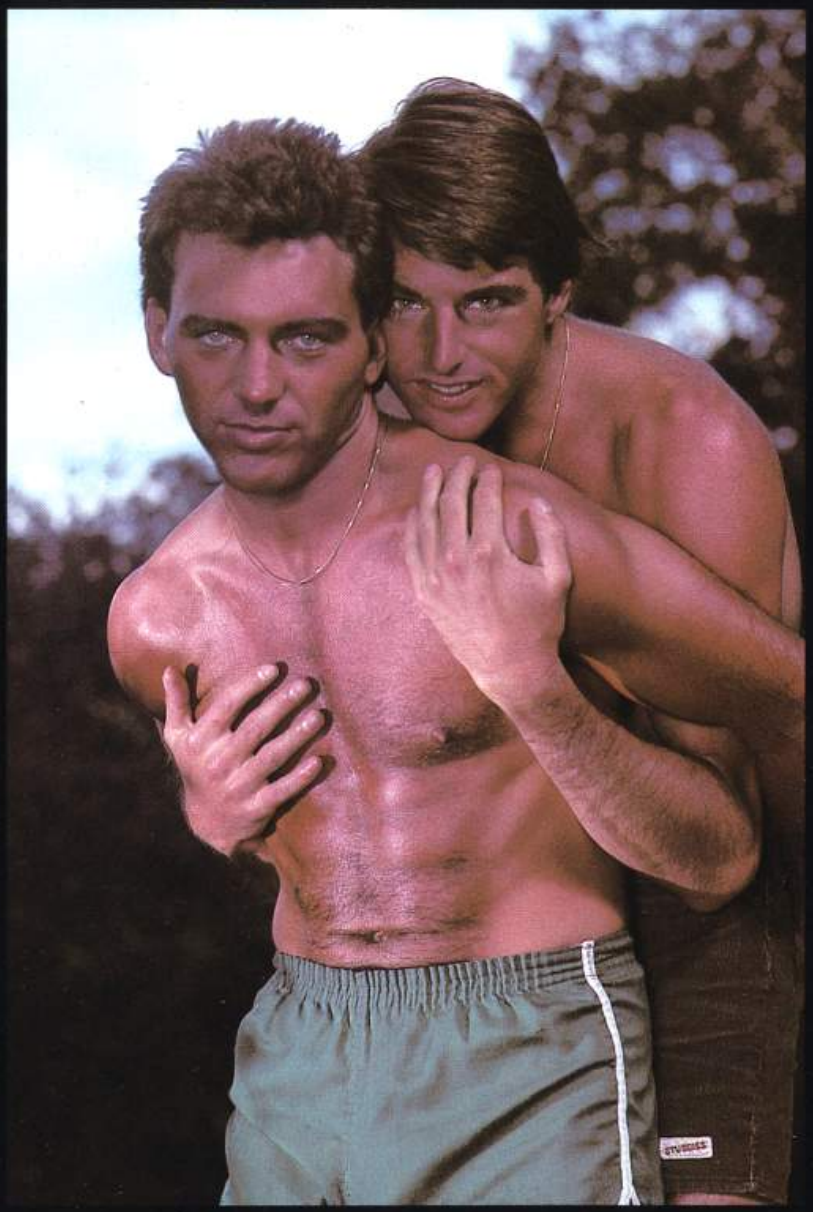
Excerpts
from the
WILLIAM
HIGGINS
motion
picture

THE YOUNG OLYMPIANS

ALL COLOR

HEAD START

FROM
WILLIAM
HIGGINS'
CALIFORNIA

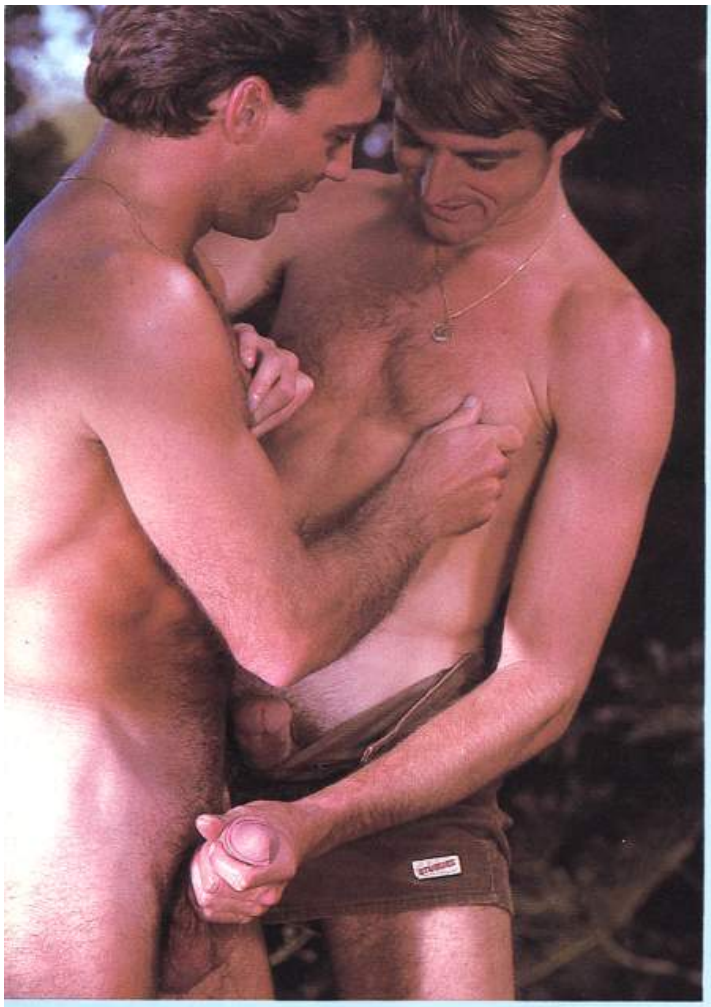


STARRING

DEREK NOVAK KURT WILLIAMS

EXCERPTS FROM THE WILLIAM HIGGINS MOTION PICTURE

THE YOUNG OLYMPIANS



They'd gotten into jogging together during the summer, but that was all there was to it. Both of them had set their goals, and coming out on top was all that mattered.

But there was one problem. Kurt Williams and his jogging buddy Derek Novak were attracted to one another. And there wasn't a thing they could do about it. They had their sights set on the games, but they had their minds on more carnal matters.

Kurt, with his Robert Redford good-looks, and Derek, with his irresistable below-the-waist masculine appeal. Together they jogged, mile after mile, hour after hour, day after day, until at last they had to face reality. They'd driven themselves to the ultimate in physical fitness. Now they were about to drive themselves to the ultimate in physical satisfaction!

Derek had always been drawn to Kurt. In fact it was him who'd suggested they jog together since they had to do it every day anyway. When Kurt enthusiastically agreed, running began to take on an entirely new dimension.

Derek may have been flogging himself into shape for the next games, but he was still human, and when he met Kurt he knew there was more to life than just

". . . every time they ran together his dick stayed half-hard and trying to break free of its jock-strap . . ."

college and running. From the moment they shook hands, he sensed something special. The thrill of competition was one thing. The ecstasy of man-to-man companionship was yet another! Now every time they ran together his dick stayed half-hard and try-

ing to break free of its jockstrap confines.

What Derek didn't realize was that Kurt had the same notions. He'd messed around a couple times with his roommate, but it'd been only kid's stuff. Kurt knew this attraction he had towards his workout buddy was different. He was drawn to this upperclassman with the deep voice and bulging crotch. He'd noticed that sometimes Derek's crotch was fuller when they'd get through running, but he wasn't sure if it was his hopeful imagination or if Derek really did have a rise in his jockstrap.

The day it happened, both of them were ready for it. In fact, they sensed it and they were strangely silent during the run. They jogged along in silence most of the way, content to be with one another and occasionally jogging so close that their elbows touched. That only made matters worse. Derek had a full hardon by the time they were through and both of them had to laugh about it. "I think I need to get the kinks out of my muscles!" Derek said. "Yeah, they do look a little stiff," Kurt teased. They laughed to break the tension. The hardon did not go away.

Derek suggested they both go over to a buddy's house, where he was housesitting while the friend was out of town. "He has this great jacuzzi on his patio," he said. "Sounds great," Kurt replied, and the two of them went off towards the house just off campus.

They didn't waste any time getting out of their shorts and tennis shoes. And it was then that they came together. It was as if once the clothes came off, the tension disappeared. It just seemed natural somehow, in the privacy of the patio, two men attracted to one another in the best way. Physically. They began touching and the kissing started moments later. They couldn't get enough of each other. They wanted to eat each other alive.

Now, at last, Kurt could see that all these times it wasn't just his hopeful imagination when he saw Derek's bulging crotch. It really was that big. In fact, it was real big. And fat as it was long. And smooth as velvet. And uncut. Of course Kurt didn't have a lot to judge its size by. Just his own more-than-adequate meat and his college roommate's. But neither

dick measured up to this stud-meat, and Kurt knew it was a man-sized whopper. He knew it because he had trouble getting his mouth over any more than half of it. At first he was all teeth, but once he got used to the size of it, it was easier for him to swallow. Pretty soon he didn't want to stop

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"You keep that up and you're gonna get a mouthful."

and Derek didn't want him to. He sucked it on the edge of the hot tub and he sucked it in the hot tub. He was like a kid with an all-day sucker.

"Take it easy, buddy," Derek finally said when he felt his balls begin to rise. "You keep that up and you're gonna get a mouthful." Kurt looked up at him and grinned, and the two of them gave things a breather. That lasted about a half minute. Then they were back on each other. And from then on there were no more breathers.

Derek couldn't keep his hands off Kurt's tanlined, muscled buns, and Kurt couldn't get enough of his buddy's cock. It was inevitable what would happen next.

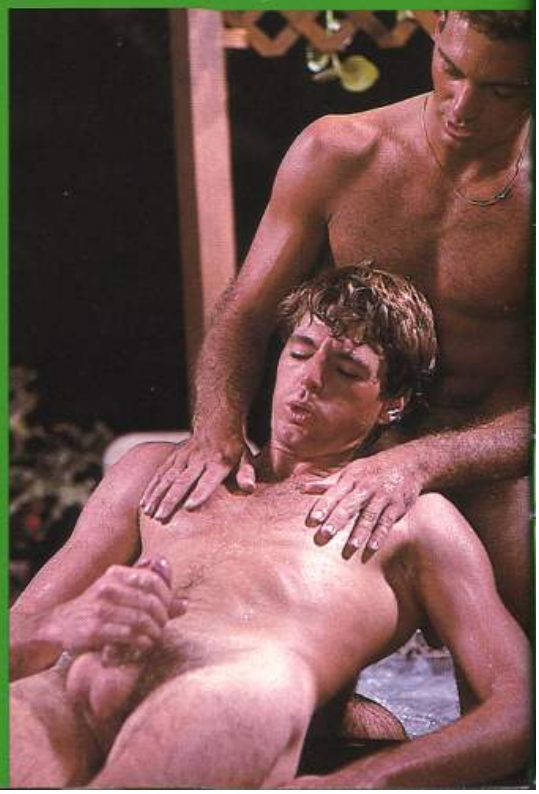
"I want to fuck you so bad," Derek whispered. "I don't know," Kurt whispered back, the fear sounding in his voice, "I never been fucked before." The fact that Kurt was virgin made Derek all the more determined. His voice was gentle, but reassuring. His hands strong and talented. That, combined with the warmth and soothing water of the jacuzzi, helped relax Kurt enough so that he was willing to try. But he had goosebumps from the thought of it.

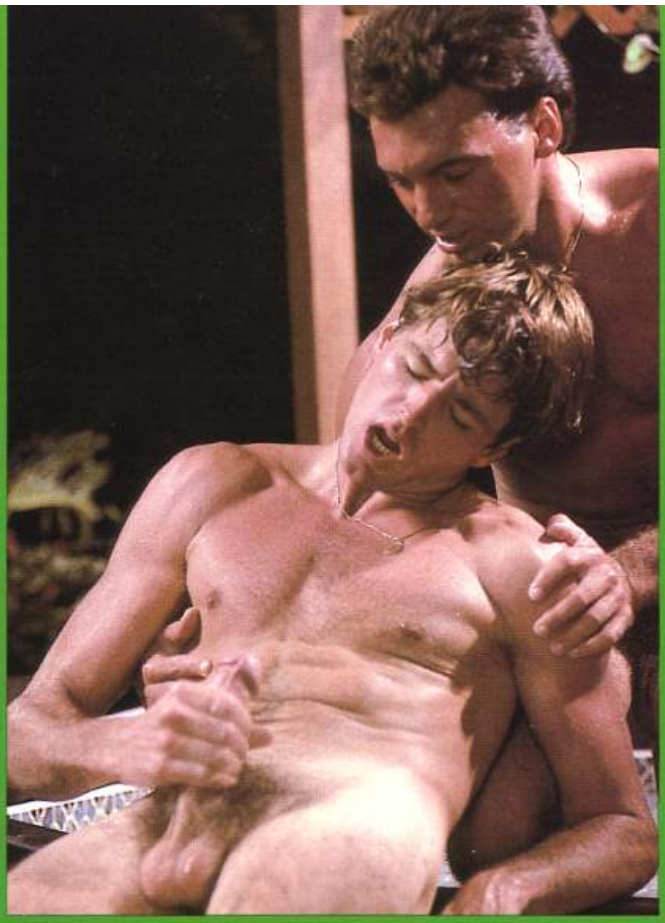
Derek turned Kurt around and they went down into the water together. Kurt leaned his head back against the side of the jacuzzi and let his friend take charge. It felt good in his mouth. Real good.

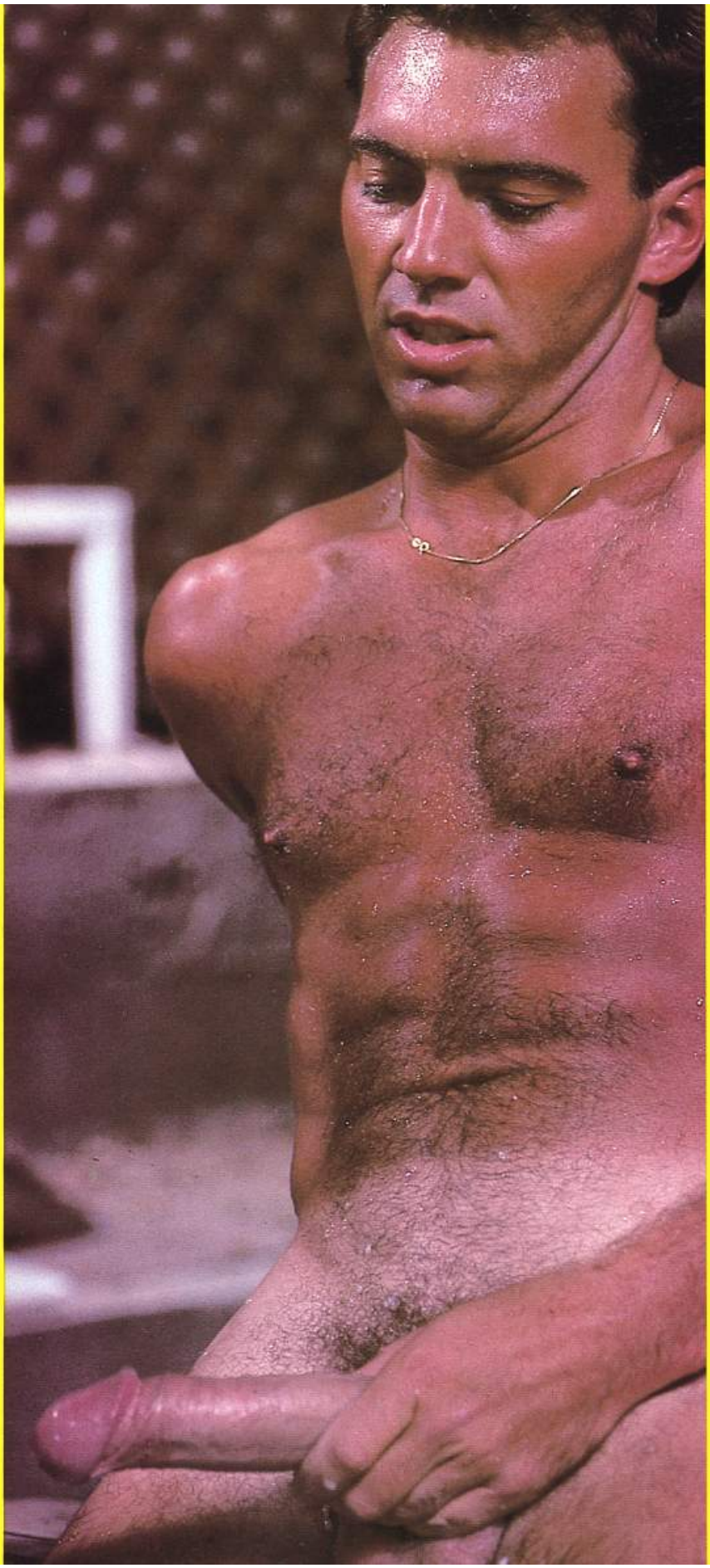
As he headed home, Derek looked down into Kurt's eyes and it was more than just physical. There was a sense of caring that neither of them had ever experienced before. It went deeper than Derek's cock. But nevertheless, Derek's cock was digging deep. Underwater.

But Derek wanted Kurt to see and taste this first load, and when he felt his balls begin to rise once again, he pulled out and got up on the edge of the tub with Kurt right beside him. All it took was a few quick jerks of that top-skin studmeat until the load erupted. Kurt was all eyes as he watched spurt after spurt shoot up out of the swollen cockhead and run down Derek's hand and inside his muscular thighs. "This is all for you, buddy," Derek said as Kurt brought his mouth down and finished the job.

Later, when it was all over, and the inevitable silence set in after the first time, the two friends just lay back exhausted in the swirling water and closed their eyes. They were shoulder to shoulder, close as two men can get, and below water, Derek's hand held onto Kurt's. And Kurt held on like there was no tomorrow.







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